

# TERMS OF THE PALLADIUM.

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For State or District offices, ..... \$10  
For the Legislature, ..... 15  
For County Offices, ..... 5

THE Mississippi Palladium Office is in the same room recently occupied by the Gazette, on the North-east corner of the public square.

Lines Written in a Lawyer's Office, on the APPROACH OF SPRING.

Where, on certain breezy days,  
Now drives birds are heard to sing,  
And sunny showers their heads uprear;  
Hail to the coming on of Spring!

The songs of these birds are sweet  
The melody of our youthful hours,  
As green as those said songs and breezes,  
As fresh and sweet as those said flowers.

The birds abroad—happy pairs—  
Love, and the alloverall laughter, merriment  
In fresh and sunny days, their hours,  
Administration and design.

Oh, briefest term of Cupid's Court,  
Where tender phantasies actions bring—  
Season of truth and of sport,  
Hail, as thou comest, coming Spring!

**Song.**  
True to thy fond feelings,  
These fond feelings give love,  
No absence can divide us here,  
No parting part us here.

Mountains and sea may rise between,  
To reach our loved ones,  
But heart in heart, and soul in soul,  
We hold together still.

When'er I go, or far or near,  
I cannot be alone,  
Thy voice is ever in mine ear,  
Thy hand pressed in my own;

Thy hand upon my pillow rests,  
Thy words my bosom thrill,  
And heart in heart, and soul in soul,  
We hold together still.

And when thou dost shall work his west,  
And all our joys are done,  
Even by the cemetery that waits  
The dead and the sun;

Though one world in heavenly bliss,  
One in this world of ill,  
Yet heart in heart, and soul in soul,  
We hold together still.

THE following article, taken from the "Soul of the South" forcibly illustrates the truth of the old adage that, "three removes are as bad as a fire." Very few persons engaged in the vocation most useful among men, have ever promoted their success in acquiring a fortune or an honorable reputation, by frequently changing their place of abode.

**Looking for a Better Country.**  
In our early school-day reminiscences, we recollect an energetic, sterling little fellow, who was always conspicuous in the Saturday fishing parties, ever on the ground in good time, and ready to start with the first. But his impatience and anxiety did not allow him to try long before he was off in search of a better place; soon he was out of sight, telling and hoping on, all the time expecting to get to the best place, where he would outstrip his companions, and realize his largest hopes. The days operations closed, our little restless fellow would come up, worried and muddled and well scratched, and with less success than his associates, who had staid behind. This was the man in embryo; the boy was a true type of the man in later years. The first thing he did when ready to enter upon the business of life, was to show himself a man of too much shrewdness and energy, to settle down in the old country. Accordingly he moved to a new one, and conceived he had been so remarkably fortunate as to have found the very thing for which he was looking, all just right. His friends behind were sorely ridiculed for their want of enterprise, to be thus long away from home, to leave their old country, "the best plantation in which he would not have, if he was to be compelled to live on it." A few years after this, however, he learns that the perfection has not all been concentrated yet; but that they are to be found, a little further on; and thus he has been running after plantations, until he is now getting to be old, sore and worn; living on perhaps the worst piece of land with a "law" ever owned; but thinks yet, if his wife had been right willing to have seconded all his notions, he should have found that best place, somewhere in the West, or a little the other side. He has never built himself a good house, planted orchards, improved his land, or any thing else, just because he was not settled. This is a happy sketch from real life, but does not describe an isolated case; you all probably know some man that it will suit. In its general outlines, it exhibits the true Southern character. We have been very much of a go-ahead people, but our energies have been more taxed in searching for imaginary good than in converting the means already in hand, into blessings. It is a truth hardly conceded, that there is not much difference naturally between countries, all having their advantages and disadvantages. Many men spend their days, in restless anxiety, searching for a complete combination of all, a good never to be realized, and do not learn till too late, that they have been running after a mere chimera of their own brain, all their life long.

**A Cautious.**

While Gov. Brown was in Key West, says the Tallahassee (Fla.) Sentinel, he was presented by Hon. A. Patterson with a miniature best of Gen. Washington, found ten years ago, in the neighborhood of Mr. Patterson's premises, imbedded in the limestone which forms the island. The bust is of marble, and is evidently the work of a master. The expression is said to be identical with that of the famous statue of Washington at Richmond, allowed to be the best likeness in existence. The little bust is in a state of perfect preservation; all the delicate chiseling in the plants of a ruffled shirt remaining as sharp and well-defined as ever, and the marble, without discoloration.

Against the shoulders is inscribed the word "Washington"—a spelling which seems to indicate an Italian origin. In the same spot two English guineas were found, the dates and inscription of which we did not learn. All were probably deposits by some freebooter of the olden time.

**The Ram's Horns.** remind us of the

scale connected with the horns of the altar of God.

The ALTAR OF INCENSE, suggests to us the manner in which God was worshipped by his ancient people.

The SEVEN STARS, remind us of the seven pillars in the house of wisdom—the seven churches of Asia.

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THOMAS A. FALCONER, PUBLISHER.

STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION WILL PERPETUATE THE UNION.

HENRY STITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 1.

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NUMBER 4.

## ODD FELLOWSHIP.

### Our Emblems.

The EYE, enveloped in a blaze of light and glory reminds us that the scrutinizing gaze of Omnipotence is ever upon us. That all our thoughts, words and actions are open to his survey.—That Jehovah searcheth our hearts and trieth our reins; that we cannot hide ourselves from his view, even though we ascend to heaven, go down to Hades, or seek a dwelling place in the "farthest verge of the green earth." Hence the motto written below the eye—"Is God we Trust?"

The HEART AND HAND, imply, that when the Odd-Fellow greets his brother, the welcome proceeds from the heart. He extends not the right hand of fellowship, while the left hand holds the assassin's dagger!

The HOUR GLASS, reminds us of the speedy passage of time, and admonishes us to improve moments as they fly, in a manner that shall redound to the glory of God and our own neighbors' good; while it also brings before us the great contrast between time and eternity.

The THREE PILLARS, represent Faith, Hope and Charity. They direct the Odd Fellow to cultivate an enlightened and saving faith in God the Father, in Christ the Son, and in the sublime truths of Divine Revelation. They emphatically declare, that although we may possess every other qualification, if we are destitute of Charity we are but as the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal.

The SCYTHE, reminds us of the solemn truth, that as the grass falls before the mower's scythe, so man, being as the grass and flowers of the field, must wither before the touch of Time, and fall before the King of Terrors.

The SCALE AND SWORD, held forth by Justice, instruct us, that however much of the partiality may exist in the world, yet, among Odd-Fellows, both justice and mercy are administered without regard to the idle distinctions of men.

The LAMB, suggests to us the importance of personal innocence and forcibly reminds us of the paschal lamb under the law, and of Christ, the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.

The DOVE, calls to mind the salvation vouchsafed to righteous Noah, and the faithfulness of God in relieving the anxiety of the soul, by sending a harmless messenger with an emblem of continuing favor.

The TEXTS, discourse to us of theancient Patriarchs, who abode in tents, and at the same time admonish us that in this world we have no continuing city.

The ARROWS, refer to the plan adopted by Jonathan to apprise David, whom he loved with a fondness more than woman's, of his good or ill fortune from the hand of Saul. And they should teach us that every laudable effort should be put forth to save a brother from the wrath of an enemy.

The SERPENT, is intended to represent the brazen serpent erected by Moses, according to God's direction, to heal the Israelites when bitten by the fiery serpents.

The BIBLE, is placed among our emblems, because it is the fountain from whence we draw instruction; the store-house from whence our doctrines are derived; our emblems are found in its sacred pages. It is our guide both in faith and practice; its promises cheer; its doctrines instruct, and its precepts guide us.

The BUNDLE OF RODS, shows us the importance of union in our benevolent endeavors. As one of the bundle could easily be broken.

The THREE LINKS, remind us that the only chain by which we are bound together, is that of "Friendship, Love and Truth;" and that we are obligated by the most sacred considerations, to violate neither of these principles.

The AXE, conveys to our minds the wholesome truth, that as the trees of the forest must be cut down and fall before the progress of civilization, with a view to convert the wilderness into a fruitful field, so must the axe of Divine Truth, which is laid at the root of the tree, cut down every evil plant and poisonous tree, before our fellow-men can be brought under the influence of pure benevolence.

The SHINING SUN, reminds us of the command of Joshua, which arrested the onward course of the Orb of Day; and it also points to the Sun of Righteousness.

The HORN OF PLENTY, teaches us, that if we are faithful in the discharge of our duty, we shall ever find, in the resources of our Institution, an ample supply of our wants.

The GLOBE, instructs us that the world is the field of our benevolent enterprise—that our brethren are scattered over the face of the earth, and from whatever nation they come, if misfortune visit them, they must not solicit our aid in vain.

The AXE, reminds us of the disposition made of the two tables of stone, on which the decalogue was written.

The BEZ-HIVE admonishes us to avoid indolence, and wisely improve our time.

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safety connected with the horns of the altar of God.

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## Items from the New Orleans Picayune.

**From Texas.**  
By the arrival yesterday of the U.S. Mail steamship Louisiana, Capt. Lawless, we have Galveston dates to the 22d ult., and Brownsville dates to the 24th ult.

The anniversary of the battle of San Jacinto was celebrated at Richmond, on the Brazos, by a grand ball and supper, at which 300 persons were present.

A startling report had reached Brownsville that at Roma, on the Rio Grande, some persons, being displeased with certain revenue restrictions in regard to carrying hides to the Mexican side, mounted a swivel gun on the Texan bank of the river, and fired it at the Mexican guard opposite, wounding several. Orders were despatched to Camargo by the Mexicans, for a reinforcement of 150 men.

The San Augustine Herald says that Gen. Houston and Gen. Rusk had arrived in that town, and that the former spoke of not returning to the Senate.

The Brazos river is still overflowing and the river rising. In many places the overflow extends through the bottoms for many miles. Considerable injury to the crops is now deemed inevitable. Similar information is had concerning the Trinity and Colorado. The heavy and long-continued rains are the cause.

In Western Texas the crops, both of corn and cotton, are in a forward state, and there is every probability of an unusually large yield this year.

The members of the Order of Odd Fellows in Brownsville were to celebrate the thirty-second anniversary of the order on the 26th ult.

Capt. G. K. Lewis, who was lately arrested at Matamoros by the Mexican authorities, effected his escape from prison on the 16th ult. It was rumored that he was to be taken to Victoria for trial; and as the Captain has many enemies among the Mexicans—he was, though still quite young, a Mier prisoner and a veteran Texan ranger—caught with an ordinary book and pen.

The recently quiet and orderly city of San Antonio has again become the scene of lawless acts. Among the principal desperadoes is one George Vincent, alias "Little Red," well known on the frontiers as a desperate character.

By the resignation of Judge Beard, of the Eleventh Texas Judicial District, the citizens of El Paso county are left without any legal tribunal to adjudicate their civil rights or to punish criminals.

On a late trip of the steamer Mentor from Brownsville to Brazos Santiago, a mammoth fish, weighing 501½ pounds, was caught with an ordinary hook and line.

Rio Grande city is steadily improving, although business is dull, as the Mexican authorities, on the opposite bank of the river, are most rigidly enforcing their system of duties.

Two runaway slaves were caught a few days since in the Brazos Bottom. They were ensconced on a log, completely surrounded by water, and could not get to the high land. They had not tasted food for four days.

An assassination was committed in Brenham, Washington county, on the night of the 19th inst. A Mr. Neal Bowen, whilst in a grocery with two other gentlemen, was shot down with a rifle by some unknown hand, and died the next morning. The individual who perpetrated this murderous deed shot him through the window of the grocery, and was seen to mount his horse and ride off. Suspicion rests on certain individuals, on whom, should the least circumstantial evidence fall, an excitement will be created that will not be stayed until blood has freely flown.

**Sources of Electricity.**  
The earth is the greatest reservoir of electricity, from which the atmosphere and clouds receive their portion of this fluid.—It is during the process of evaporation that it is principally excited, and silently conveyed to the regions above; and also during the condensation of the same vapor into the grand and terrific phenomena of thunder and lightning are made manifest to our senses.

In order to form a correct estimate of the immense power of this agent, the production of electricity, we must bring to our view the quantity of water evaporated from the surface of the earth, and also the amount of electricity that may be developed from a single grain of this liquid. According to the calculation of Cavallo, about five thousand two hundred and eighty millions of water are probably evaporated from the Mediterranean Sea, in a single summer's day. To obtain some idea of the vast volume of water thus daily taken up by the thirsty heavens, let us compare it with something rendered more apparent than this invisible process. President Dwight and Professor Darby, have both estimated the quantity of water precipitated over the Niagara Falls at more than eleven millions of tons per hour. Yet all the water passing over the cataract in twenty days would amount only to that ascending from the Mediterranean in one day.

More recent estimates of the quantity of evaporation from the whole earth as equal to a column of thirty-five inches from every inch of its surface in a year, which gives nearly four thousand four hundred and fifty cubic miles, as the quantity continually circulating through the atmosphere.

**Sensational Compliments.**  
"Hale!" said a brother Senator to the Senatorial Representative of New Hampshire, "do you know what Cass says of you?" "No." "He says you are a Granite goose." "Just tell the General for me, will you, that he is a Michigan goose?"

Why is a belle like a locomotive? Because she throws off the sparks, transports the mails, (males,) and says to the Tender-pine (k) not

## Where are the Laborers.

The demand is becoming general for a thorough and efficient organization of the Conservative party in this State.—The submission or disunion party is organized and its speakers are in the field. Gen. Foote is attending appointments in the Eastern counties, rallying the defenders, aiders and supporters of Northern aggression on Southern Rights, and as far as we know, he is denouncing those men as traitors to the Union who fail to sing hosannas to the late action of Congress, whereby the South was excluded from every foot of soil acquired by the lavish expenditure of her treasure and the blood of her sons. It is not proper that we complain at this; but we have reason to feel that the friends of the south,—seeing the apathy of their speakers, the apparent shrinking from an issue that they have courted in every conceivable form—have a right to complain. Where is Jefferson Davis? It is time he was before the People. He owes it to his position, to his Senatorial course, and to the People of Mississippi. In less than six years he has taken a position among the highest in the land—a position that his talent well qualified him to fill and adorn.—The confidence of his fellow-citizens has never been shaken in him. He has proven to the world he has no political weather-cock; no mountebank; no despicable political jockey, who derives a popularity as distinguished for its servility to greatness, as it is remarkable for the absence of every other quality that would recommend it to the confidence of any save those only who admire the buffoon more than the man of sense. The Conservative men of the South, the men who are for resisting aggression coming from any source, have claims upon the time and services of Senator Davis. He should take the stump and visit every county in the State. It is his duty. He has repeated time and again that his constituents were wronged, and that they were outraged by Congressional legislation. Let him go before them now with the record and prove it. He is bound as an honorable man to do this. He should avail no formal call from his fellow-citizens—seek no ovations save those that spring from an ardent attachment of men to an able and eloquent advocate of truth and justice. In view of what has passed, and the untiring energy of those opposed to the South—and are not those who oppose all peaceable remedies opposed to the South—we are constrained to say that unless the Conservative party organizes, and sends into the field its ablest and most determined men, the State will forfeit in the eyes of the world her present proud position.

**Col. JEFFERSON DAVIS** should send out appointments now to meet his fellow citizens—there is no time to waste and fritter away—every one should be up, and before the first of next September, the people of Mississippi should be thoroughly instructed what they are called upon to sacrifice, not for the preservation of the Union, but to gratify and buy a hollow truce with fanatics and traitors to constitutional liberty.—Southern Standard.

**Living in Hearts.**  
It is better to live in hearts than in houses. A change of circumstances or a disobedient landlord may turn one out of a house to which he has formed many pleasing attachments. Removing from place to place is with many an unavoidable incident of life. But one cannot be expelled from a true and loving heart save by his own fault; nor yet always by that, for affection clings tenaciously to its objects in spite of ill-desert; but go where he will his home remains in hearts which have learned to love him; the roots of affection are not torn out nor destroyed by such removals, but they remain fixed deep in the heart, clinging still to the image of that object which then are more eager again to clasp. When one revisits the home of his childhood—the place of his happy abode in life's springtime—pleasant as it is to survey each familiar spot, the house, the garden, the trees—there is in the warm grasp of the hand, in the melting of the eye, the kind and earnest salutation, a delight which no mere object of nature or art, no beautiful cottage, nor shady rill, nor quiet grove can possibly bestow. To be remembered, to be loved, to live in hearts, this is one solace amid earthly changes; this is a joy above all the pleasures of scene and place. We love this spiritual home feeling—the union of hearts which death cannot destroy; for it augurs that there be heart-purity as well as heart-affection, an unchanging and imperishable abode in hearts now dear.

**Christian Treasury.**  
**Hail Storm.**

The city of Galveston, Texas, was visited by a severe hail storm on the 8th ult. A correspondent of the N. O. Delta, says: "The storm approached the city, crossing the bay from the northeast, and the way it pitched into this little village, with chunks of ice, varying in size from that of the hickory nut, up to the common size coffee-cup, was a caution to dry-houses, a seven days wonder to dogdom, while the swine community generally testified their astonishment in such lamentable squeals as to bring tears to the eyes of a stoic. Windows, facing to the north, were most-painfully shattered, causing glass to be in great demand, and producing an immense excitement in the petty market."

Scarcely a house escaped without injury. Some of the stones measured from six to nine inches and half in circumference.

## Taking the Census.

**An Elderly Lady caught.**—The taking of the last census has given us a score of capital stories, but until yesterday we do not recollect having stumbled upon the following.—We pick it up as an estray, going the rounds without credit:  
Last fall a census taker, on a tour of duty, stopped at an elegant brick dwelling-house on Western Row—the exact location of which is no business of ours. He was received at the door by a stiff, well-dressed elderly lady, who could be easily recognized as a widow of some years standing. On learning the mission of her visitor, the lady invited him to a seat in the hall. Having arranged himself into a working position, he inquired for the number of persons in the family of the lady.

"Eight, sir," replied the lady, "including myself."

"Very well—your age, madame?"

"My age, sir," she replied, with a piercing, dignified look; "I conceive it's none of your business, what my age might be—you are inquisitive sir."

"The law compels me, madam, to take the age of every person in the ward; it is my duty to make the inquiry."

"Well, if the law compels you to ask, I presume it will compel me to answer. I am between thirty and forty."

"I presume that means thirty-five?"

"No, sir, it means no such thing; I am only thirty-three years of age."

"Very well, madam," putting down the figures, "just as you say. Now for the ages of the children, commencing with the youngest one, if you please."

"Josephine, my youngest, is ten years of age."

"Josephine—pretty name—ten."

"Minerva was twelve last week."

"Minerva—captivating—twelve."

"Cleopatra Elvira has just turned fifteen."

"Cleopatra Elvira—charming—fifteen."

"Angelina is eighteen, sir—just eighteen."

"Angelina—favorite name—eighteen."

"My eldest and only married daughter, sir, Anna Sophia, is a little over twenty-five."

"Twenty-five did you say, madam?"

"Yes, sir. Is there any thing remarkable in her being that age?"

"Well, no, I can't say that there is—but it is not remarkable that you should be her mother when you were only eight years of age."

About that time the census taker was observed sailing out of the house, closely pursued by a broomstick. It was the last time he pressed a lady to give her age.

**Immortality of Man**